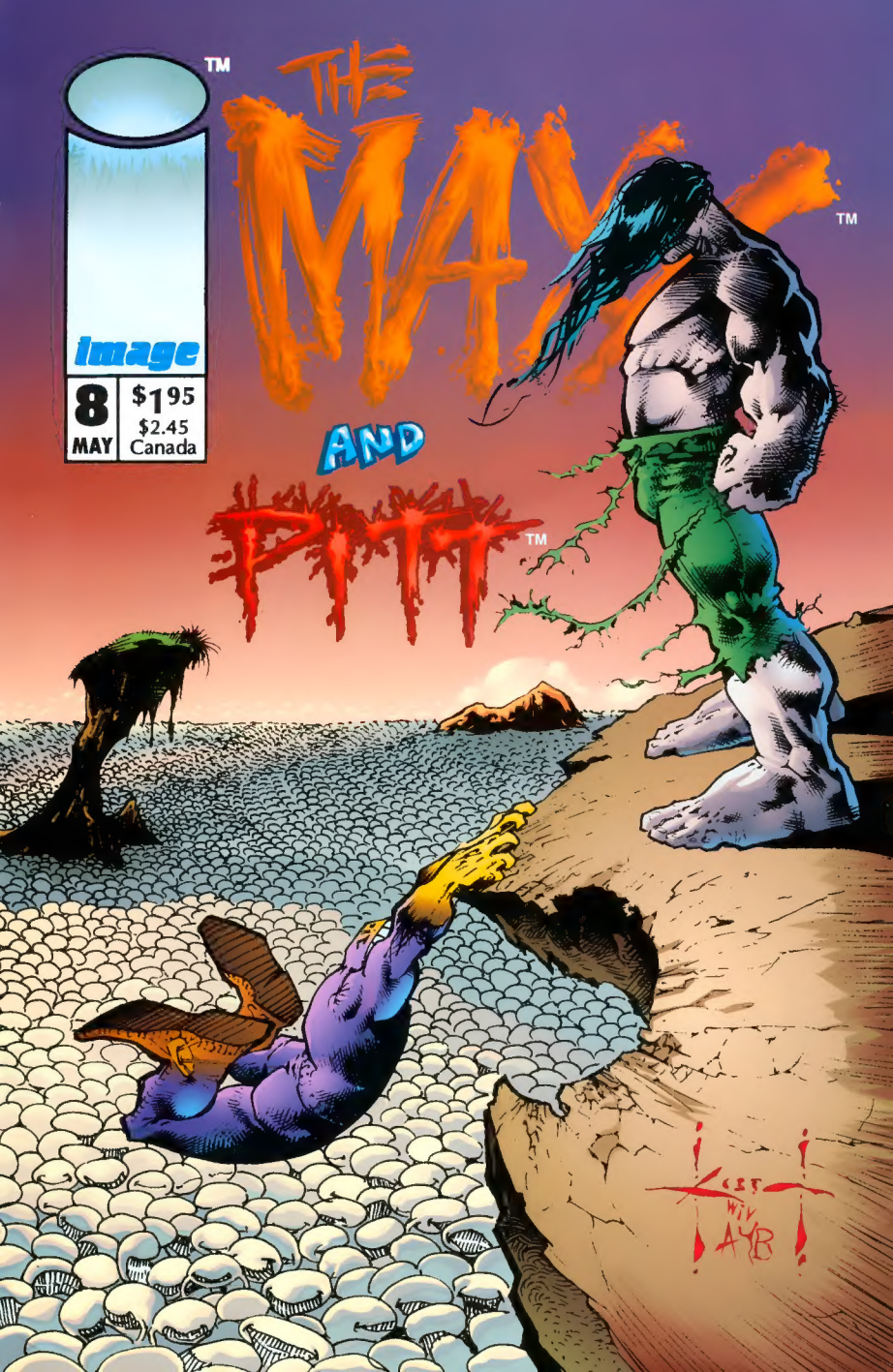
THE MAXX
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PITT
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COMICS PRESENTS

THE MAXX™

Story • Art
SAM KIETH

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BILL MESSNER-LOEBS

Finishes
JIM SINCLAIR

Lettering
MIKE HEISLER

Color
STEVE OLIFF & OLYOPTICS

Logo
CHANCE WOLF

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MARIE

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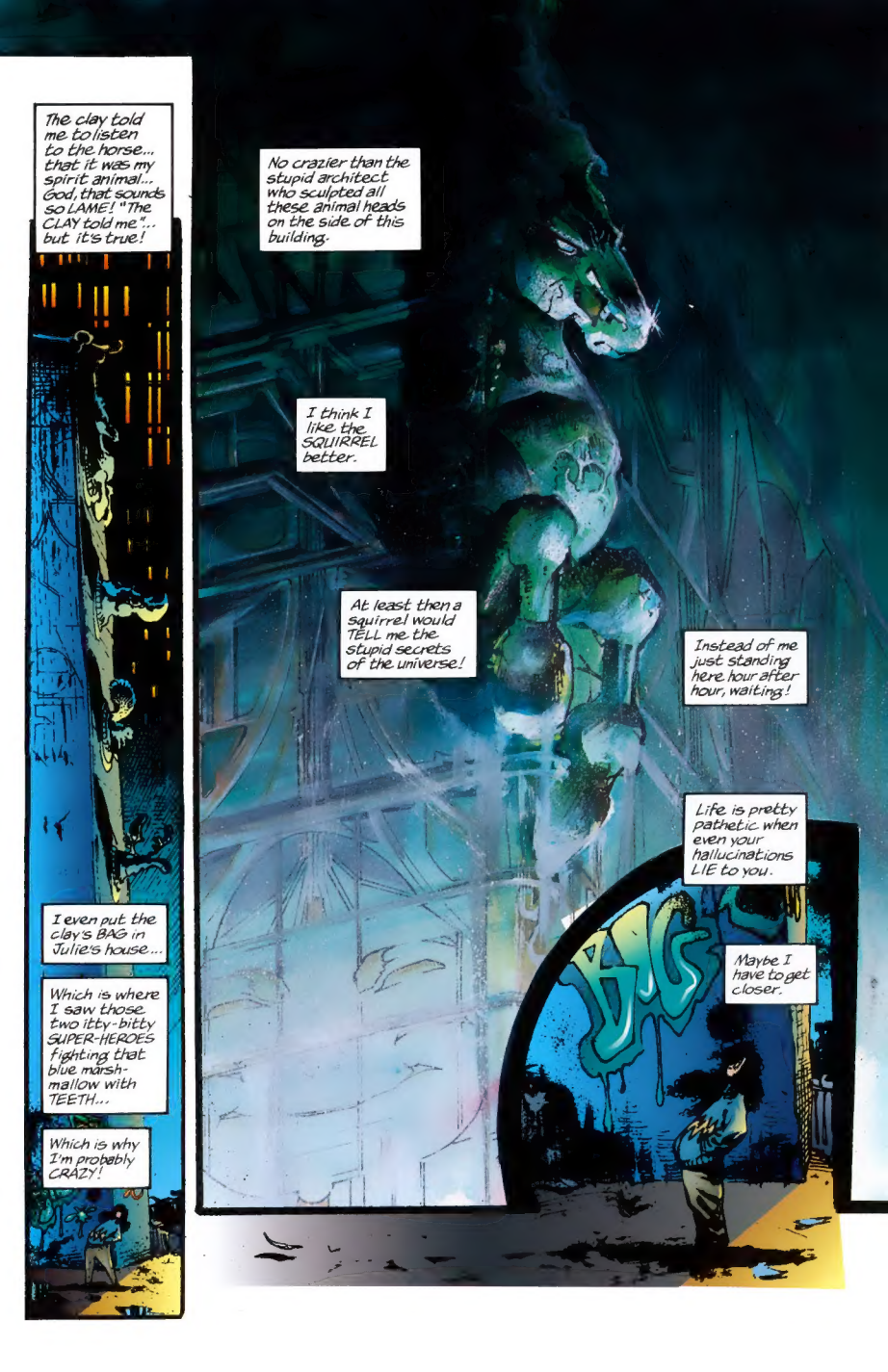
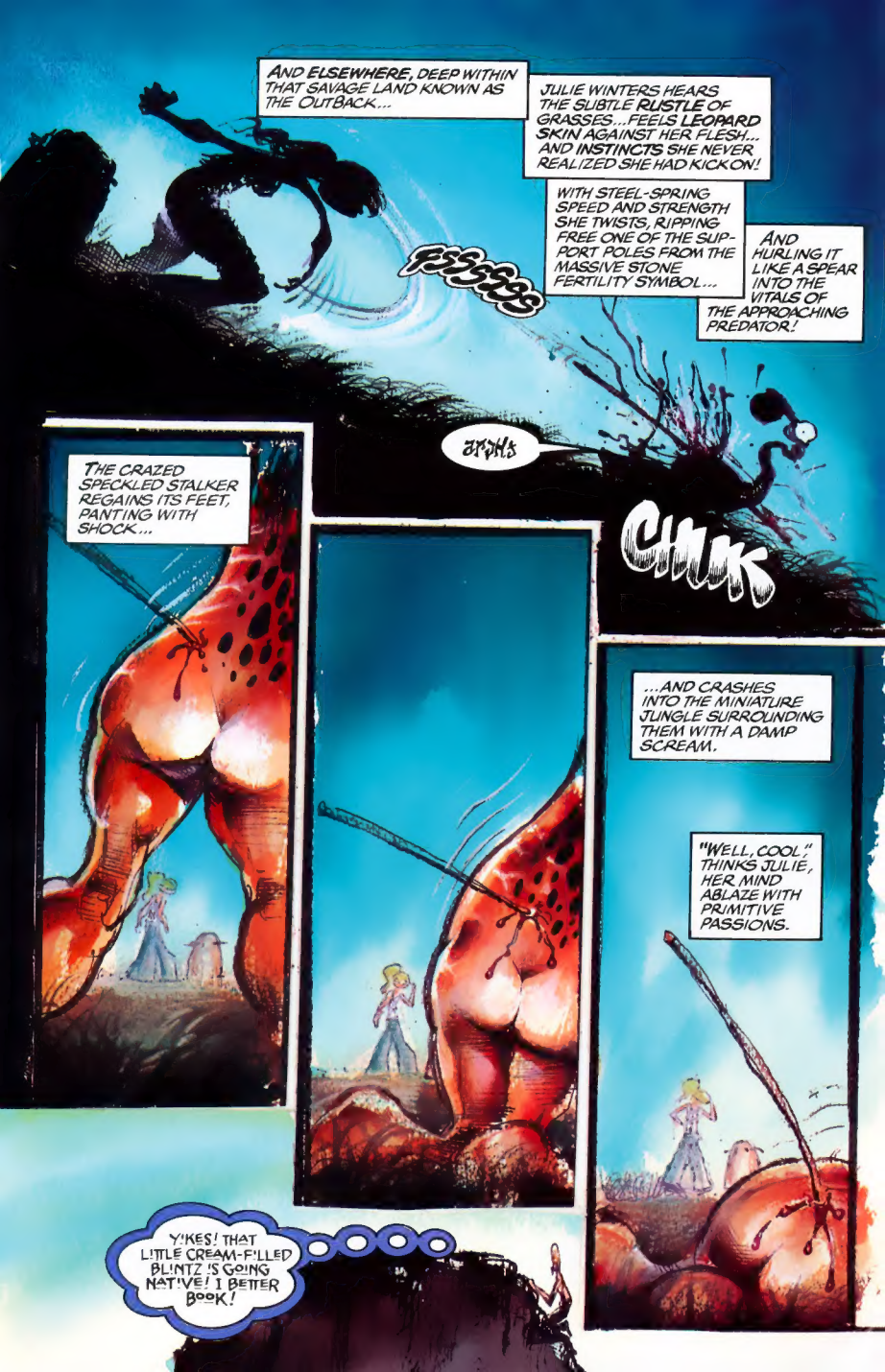
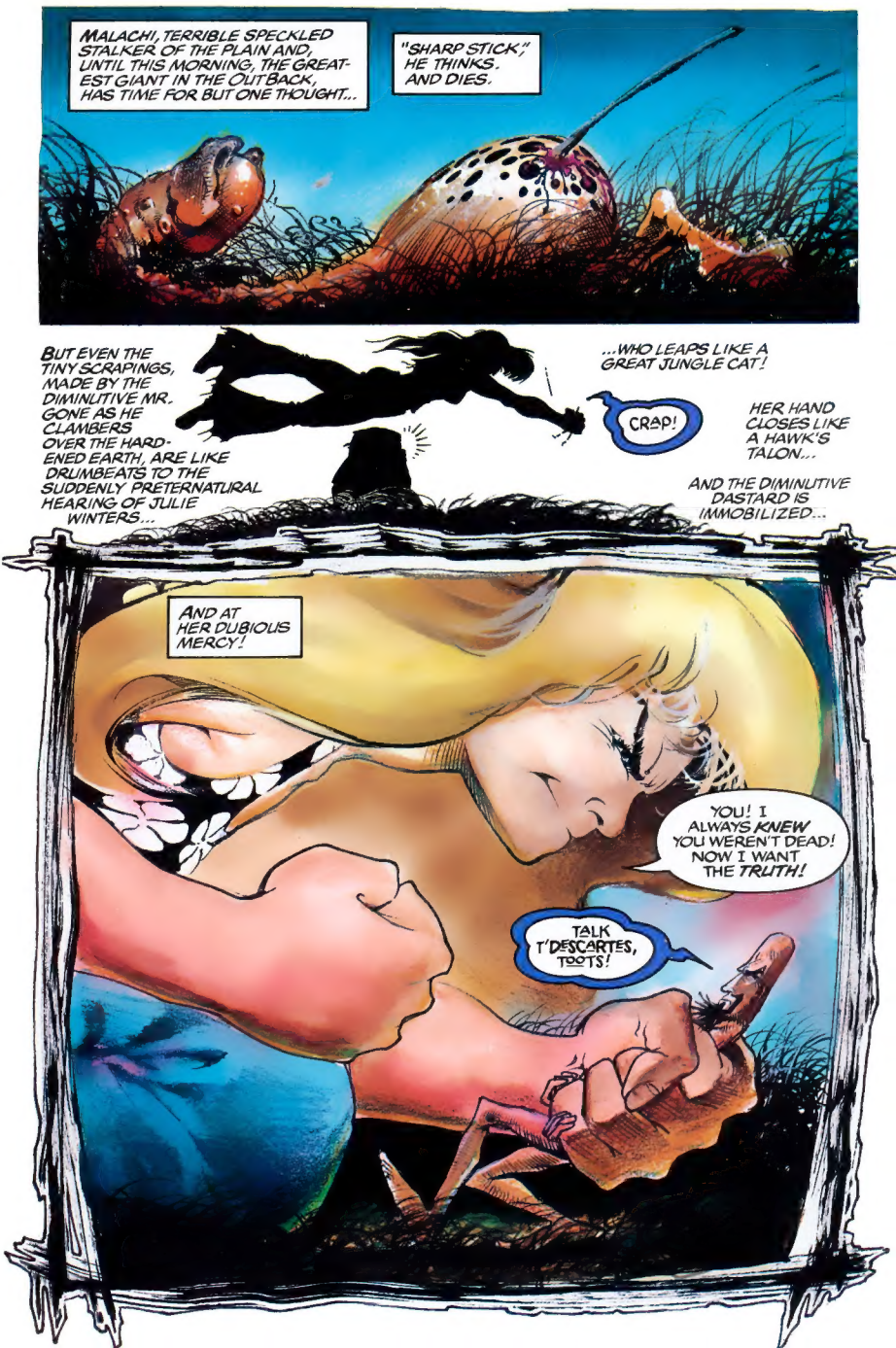
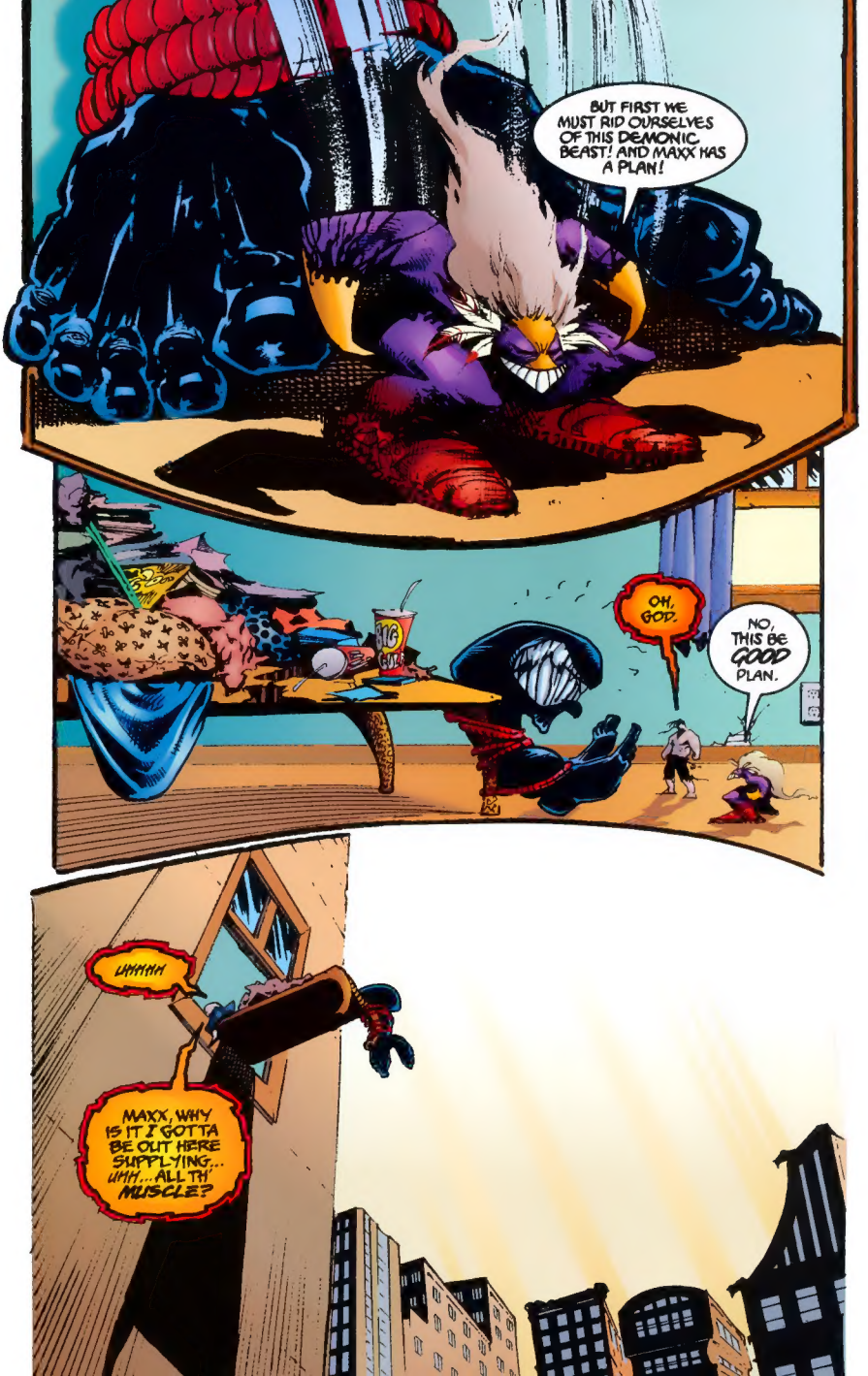

The clay told me to listen to the horse... that it was my spirit animal... God, that sounds so LAME! "The CLAY told me"... but it's true!
No crazier than the stupid architect who sculpted all these animal heads on the side of this building.
I think I like the SQUIRREL better.
At least then a squirrel would TELL me the stupid secrets of the universe!
Instead of me just standing here hour after hour, waiting!
Life is pretty pathetic when even your hallucinations LIE to you.
BAG
Maybe I have to get closer.
I even put the clay's BAG in Julie's house...
Which is where I saw those two itty-bitty SUPER-HEROES fighting that blue marsh-mallow with TEETH...
Which is why I'm probably CRAZY!


AND ELSEWHERE, DEEP WITHIN THAT SAVAGE LAND KNOWN AS THE OUTBACK...
JULIE WINTERS HEARS THE SUBTLE RUSTLE OF GRASSES...FEELS LEOPARD SKIN AGAINST HER FLESH... AND INSTINCTS SHE NEVER REALIZED SHE HAD KICK ON!
WITH STEEL-SPRING SPEED AND STRENGTH SHE TWISTS, RIPPING FREE ONE OF THE SUPPORT POLES FROM THE MASSIVE STONE FERTILITY SYMBOL...
AND HURLING IT LIKE A SPEAR INTO THE VITALS OF THE APPROACHING PREDATOR!
FSSSSS
AYSH!
CHUK
THE CRAZED SPECKLED STALKER REGAINS ITS FEET, PANTING WITH SHOCK...
...AND CRASHES INTO THE MINIATURE JUNGLE SURROUNDING THEM WITH A DAMP SCREAM.
"WELL, COOL!" THINKS JULIE, HER MIND ABLAZE WITH PRIMITIVE PASSIONS.
YIKES! THAT LITTLE CREAM-FILLED BLINTZ IS GOING NATIVE! I BETTER BOOK!

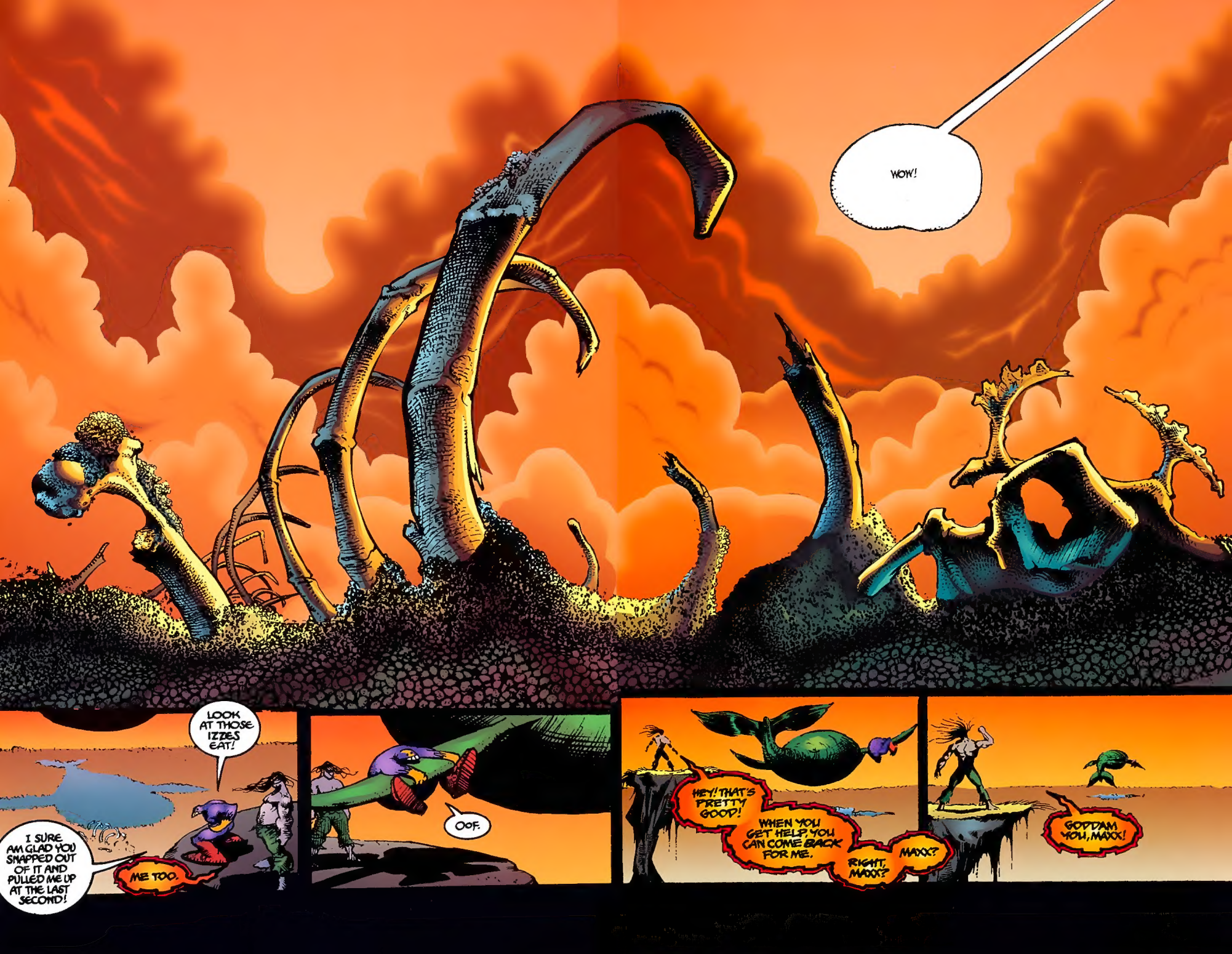

MALACHI, TERRIBLE SPECKLED STALKER OF THE PLAIN AND, UNTIL THIS MORNING, THE GREATEST GIANT IN THE OUTBACK, HAS TIME FOR BUT ONE THOUGHT...
"SHARP STICK," HE THINKS. AND DIES.
BUT EVEN THE TINY SCRAPINGS, MADE BY THE DIMINUTIVE MR. GONE AS HE CLAMBERS OVER THE HARDENED EARTH, ARE LIKE DRUMBEATS TO THE SUDDENLY PRETERNATURAL HEARING OF JULIE WINTERS...
...WHO LEAPS LIKE A GREAT JUNGLE CAT!
CRAP!
HER HAND CLOSES LIKE A HAWK'S TALON...
AND THE DIMINUTIVE DASTARD IS IMMOBILIZED...
AND AT HER DUBIOUS MERCY!
YOU! I ALWAYS *KNEW* YOU WEREN'T DEAD! NOW I WANT THE *TRUTH!*
TALK T'DESCARTES, TOOTS!

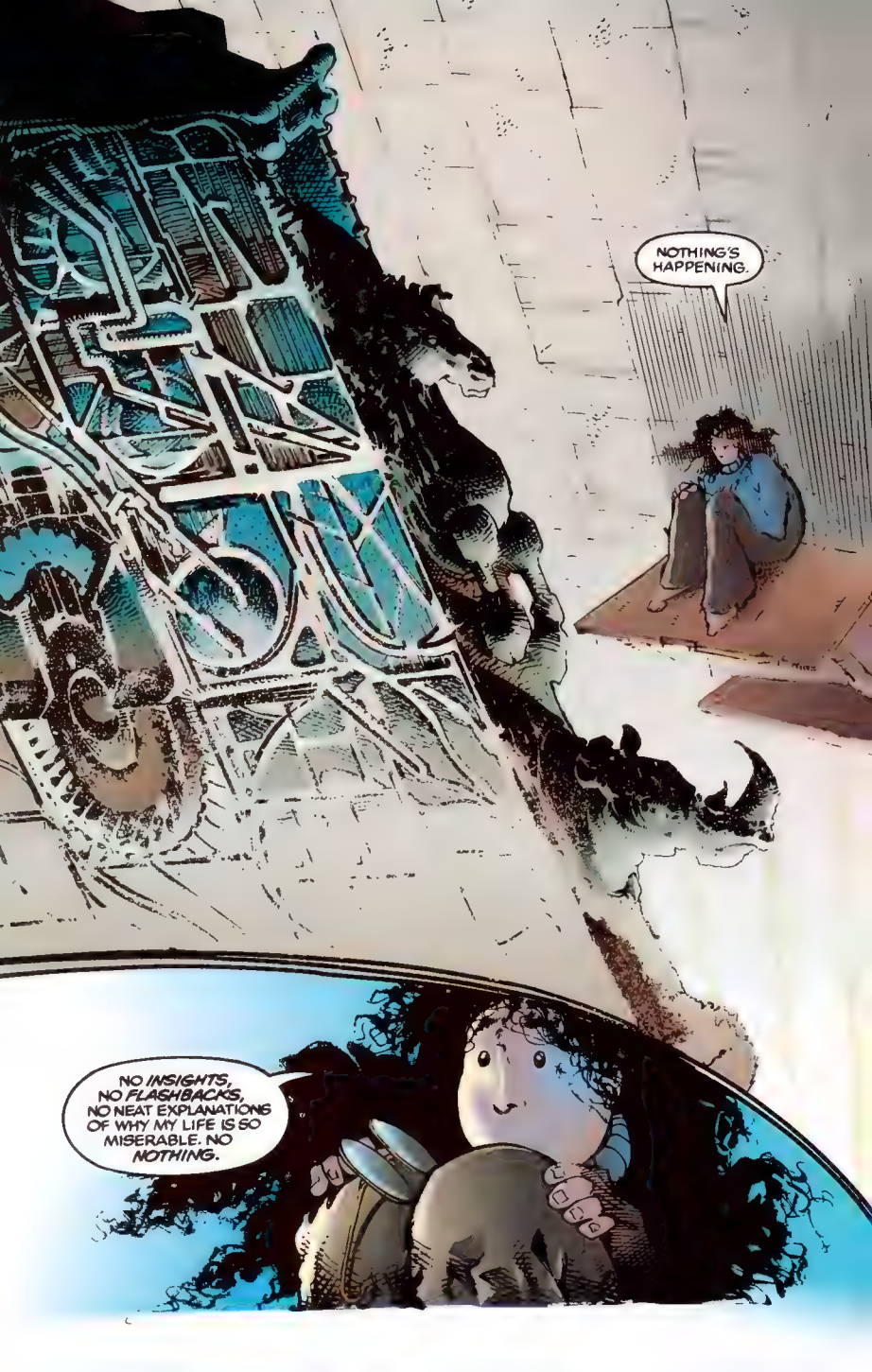
AND YET ELSEWHERE, IN THE SUDDENLY HUGE APARTMENT OF JULIE WINTERS...
MAXX IS TRIUMPHANT OVER THE RAVENOUS PIRANOSAURUS! HE IS TRULY LORD OF THE JUNGLE! AS IS HIS BROTHER, PITT!
GIVE IT A REST, MAXX. THERES SOMETHING NUTS HERE, AND I MEAN TSCOPE IT OUT!

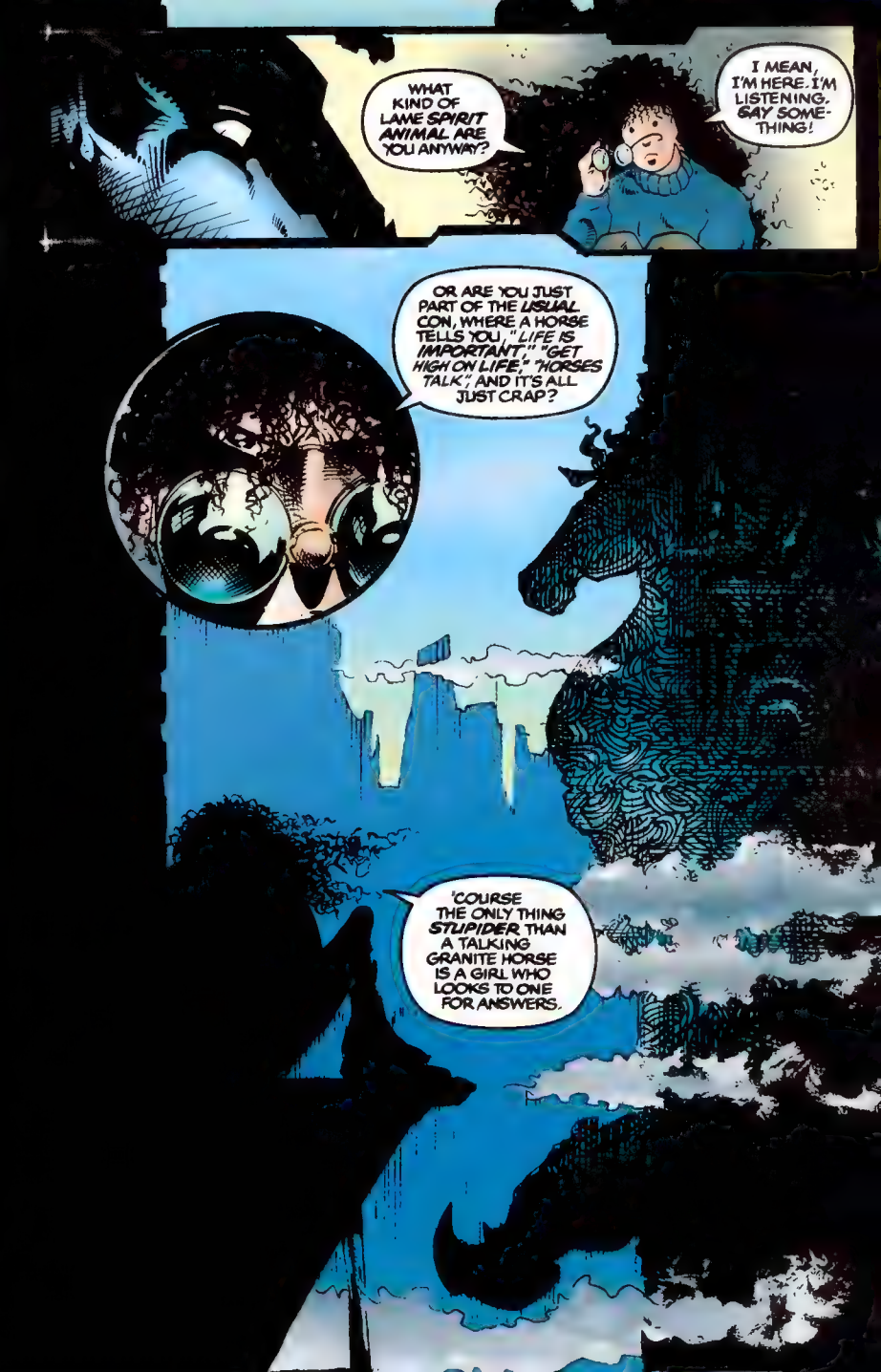

BUT FIRST WE MUST RID OURSELVES OF THIS DEMONIC BEAST! AND MAXX HAS A PLAN!
OH, GOD.
NO, THIS BE GOOD PLAN.
UHHHH
MAXX, WHY IS IT I GOTTA BE OUT HERE SUPPLYING... UHH... ALL TH' MUSCLE?

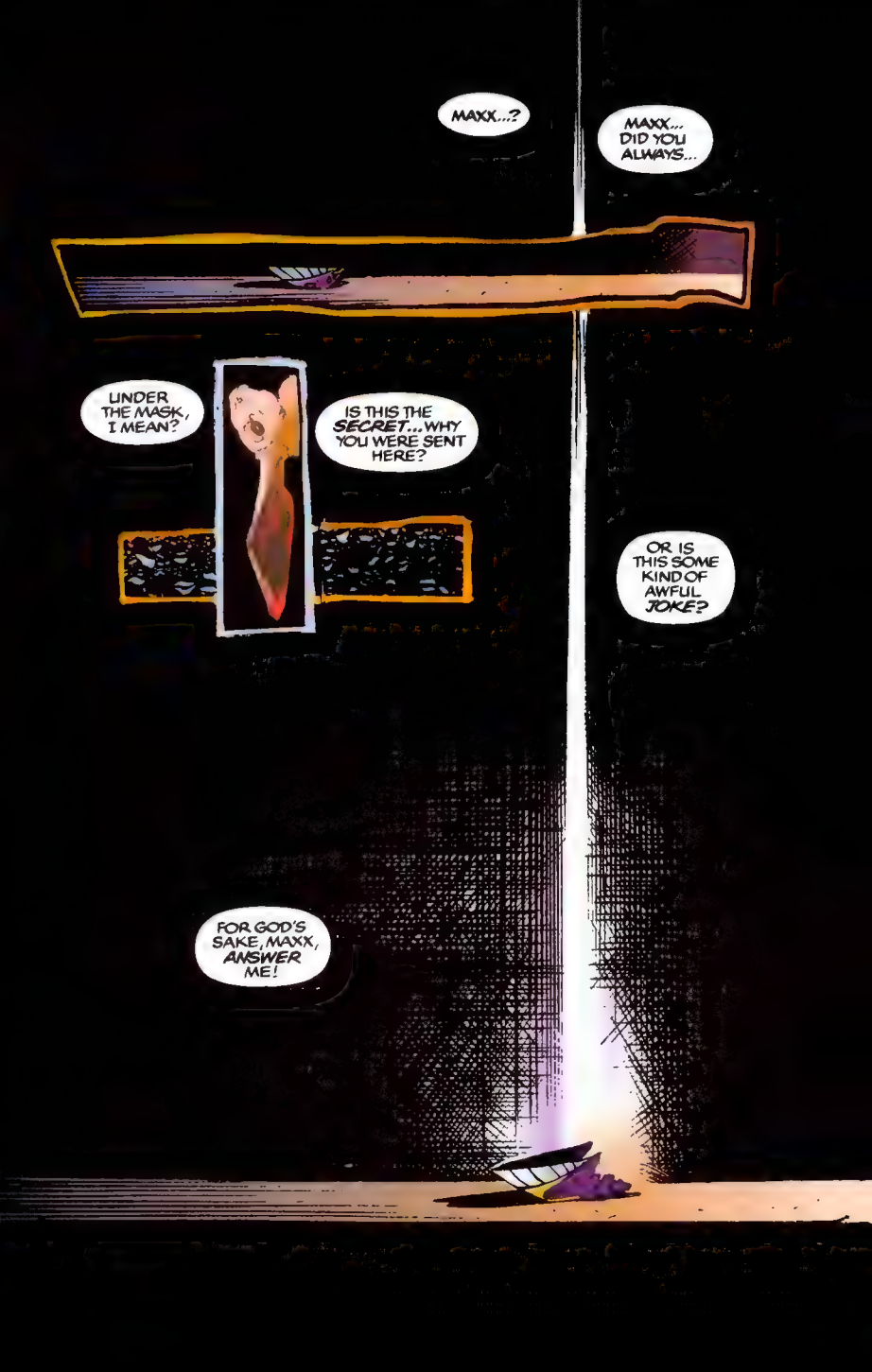
WHILE YOU SIT BACK THERE?
UH, MAXX...? I THINK THE DINGUS IS WRIGGLIN' FREE!
MAXX IS STEADYING.
YEAH, RIGHT.
BROTHER PITT NOT WORRY! MAXX IS COMING!
NO, MAXX... WHATEVER YOU DO...FOR GOD'S SAKE...
DON'T LET
GO
OOPS!

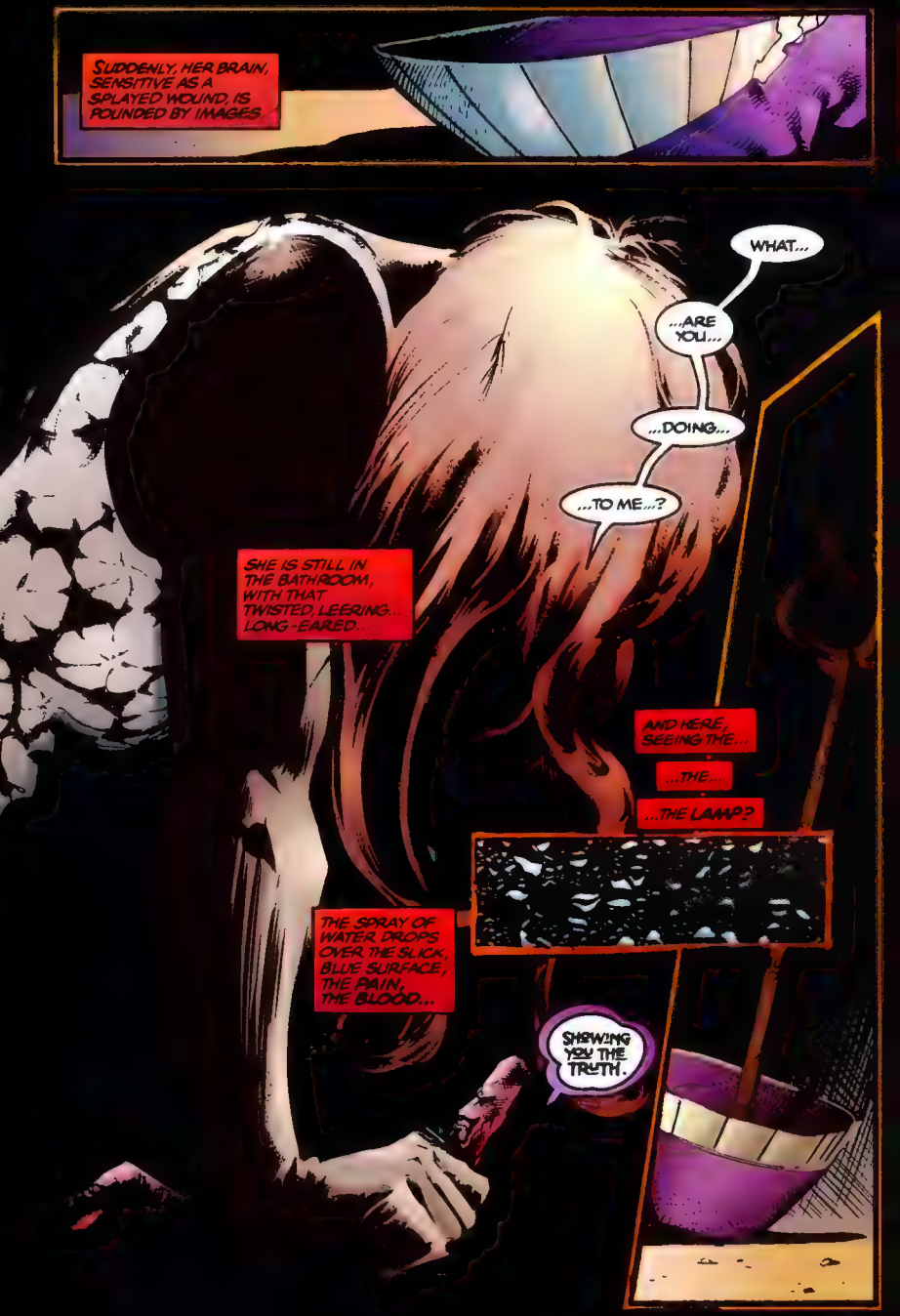
BROTHER PITT LOOKED MAD AS HE SAIL AWAY.
WHO'S OUT THERE? I CAN HEAR SOMEONE...
MAXX?
ARE YOU OUT THERE, MAXX? I'M STILL LOCKED IN THIS BATHROOM.
YOU'VE GOT TO SAVE ME, MAXX!
I AM COMING, JULIE!
MAXX... YOUR MASK...
...IT'S FALLEN...
YOU'RE...
...YOU'RE A...
OH GOD

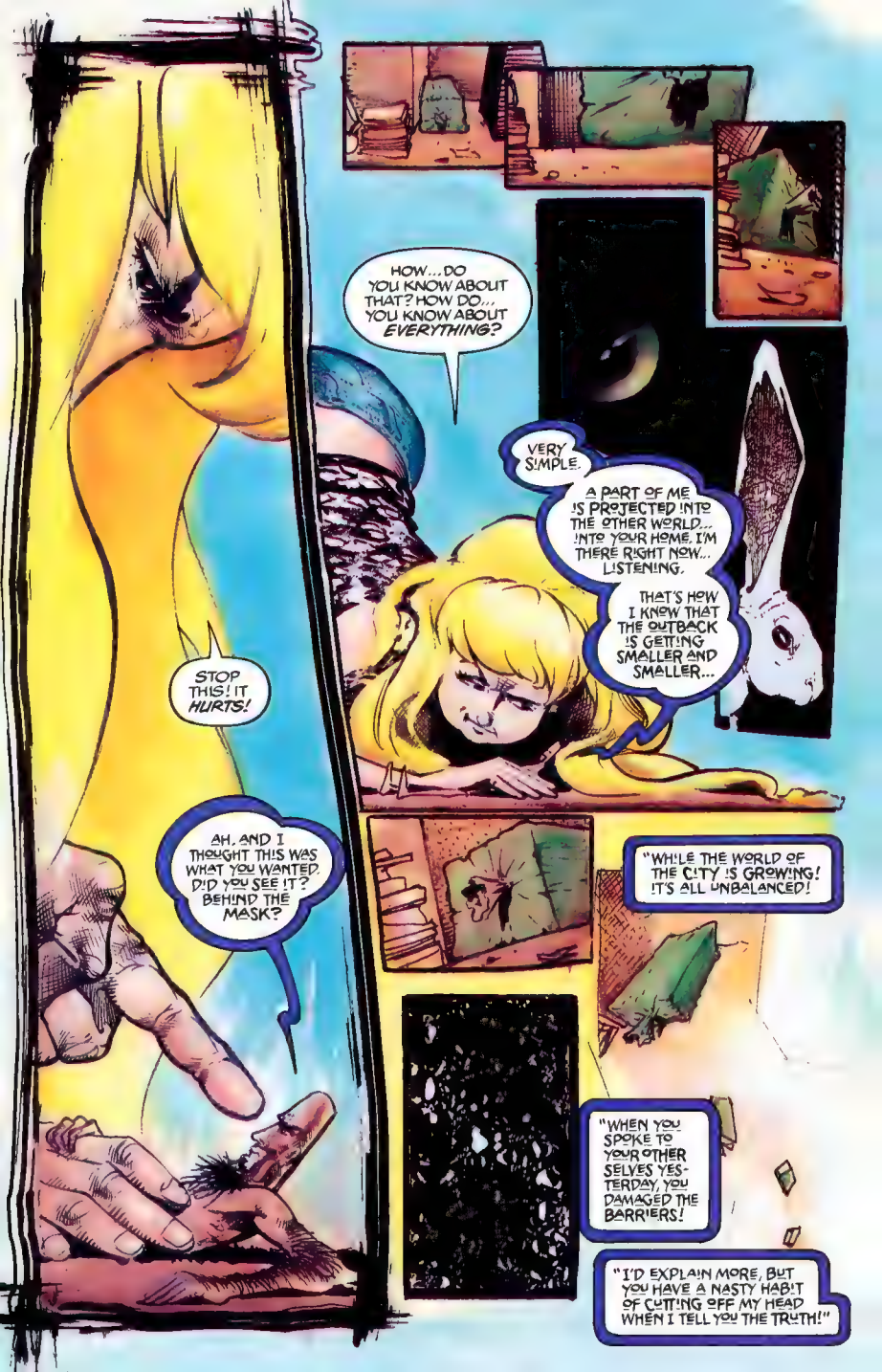

WOW!
LOOK AT THOSE IZZIES EAT!
I SURE AM GLAD YOU SNAPPED OUT OF IT AND PULLED ME UP AT THE LAST SECOND!
ME TOO.
OOF.
HEY! THAT'S PRETTY GOOD!
WHEN YOU GET HELP, YOU CAN COME BACK FOR ME.
RIGHT, MAXX?
MAXX?
GODDAM YOU, MAXX!


NOTHING'S HAPPENING.
NO *INSIGHTS*, NO *FLASHBACKS*, NO NEAT EXPLANATIONS OF WHY MY LIFE IS SO MISERABLE. NO *NOTHING*.


WHAT KIND OF LAME SPIRIT ANIMAL ARE YOU ANYWAY?
I MEAN, I'M HERE. I'M LISTENING. SAY SOMETHING!
OR ARE YOU JUST PART OF THE USUAL CON, WHERE A HORSE TELLS YOU, "LIFE IS IMPORTANT" "GET HIGH ON LIFE," "HORSES TALK", AND IT'S ALL JUST CRAP?
'COURSE THE ONLY THING STUPIDER THAN A TALKING GRANITE HORSE IS A GIRL WHO LOOKS TO ONE FOR ANSWERS.

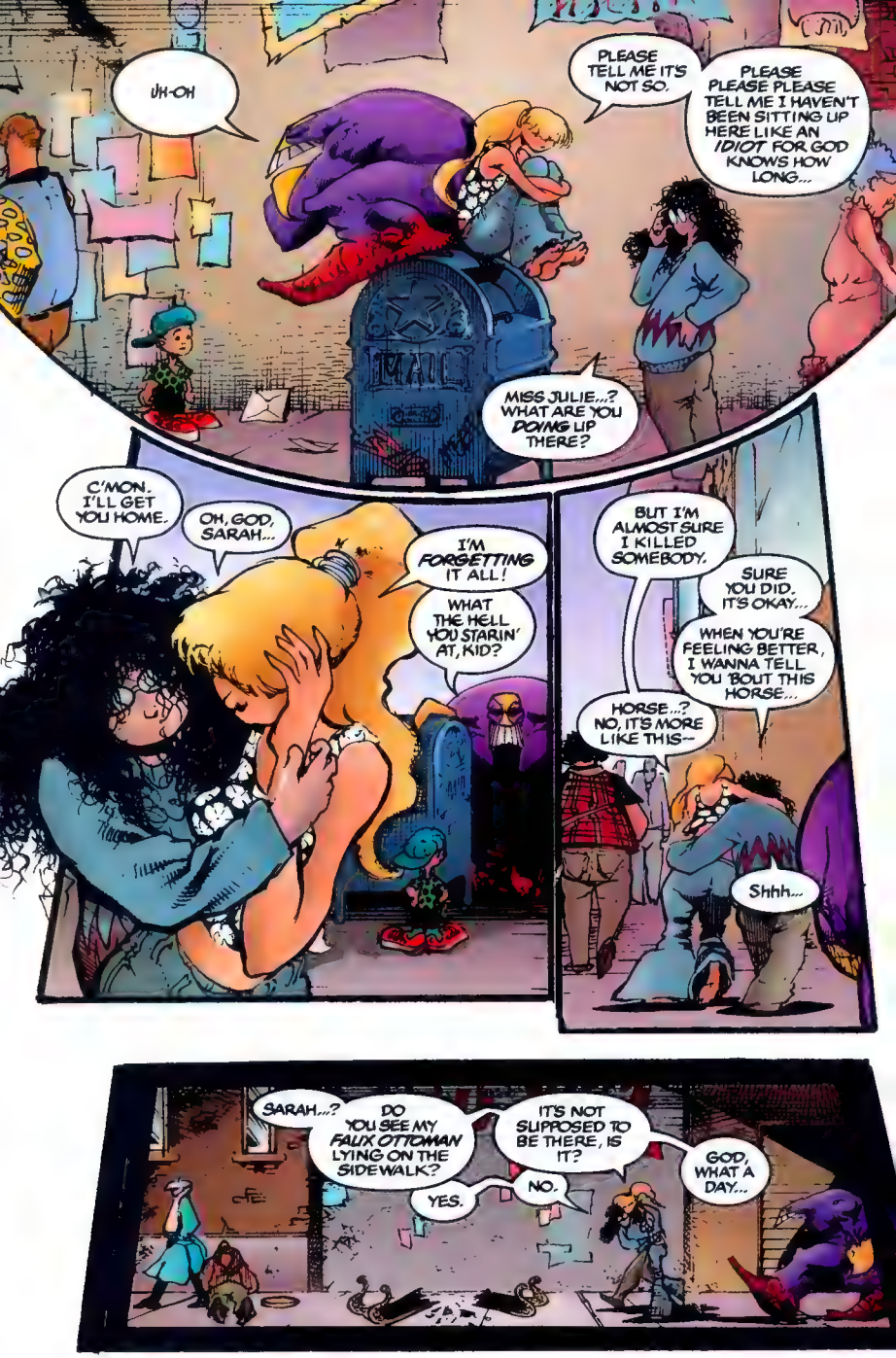

MAXX...?
MAXX... DID YOU ALWAYS...
UNDER THE MASK, I MEAN?
IS THIS THE SECRET... WHY YOU WERE SENT HERE?
OR IS THIS SOME KIND OF AWFUL JOKE?
FOR GOD'S SAKE, MAXX, ANSWER ME!

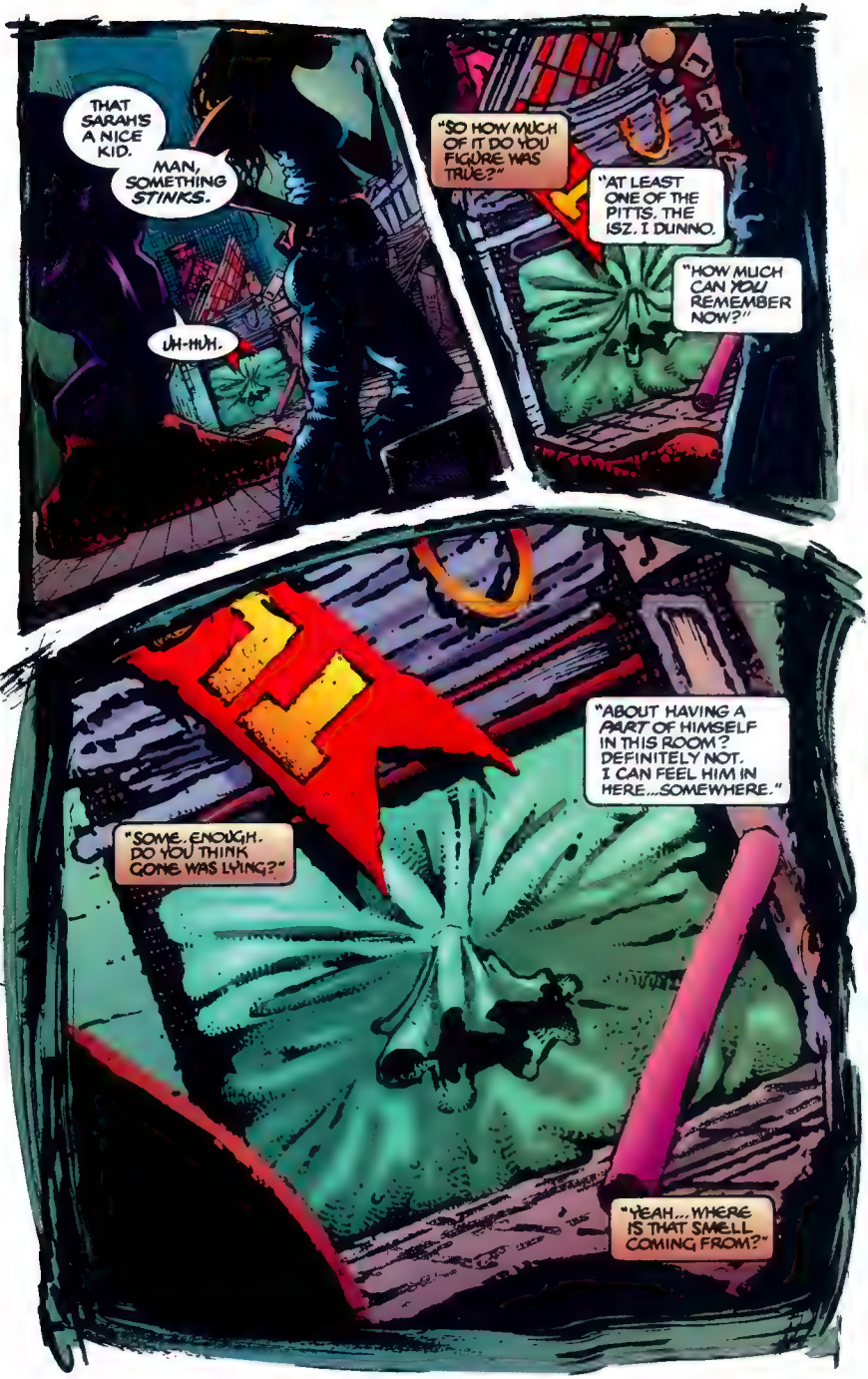

SUDDENLY, HER BRAIN, SENSITIVE AS A SPLAYED WOUND, IS POUNDED BY IMAGES.
WHAT...
...ARE YOU...
...DOING...
...TO ME...?
SHE IS STILL IN THE BATHROOM, WITH THAT TWISTED, LEERING... LONG-EARED..
AND HERE, SEEING THE...
...THE...
...THE LAMP?
THE SPRAY OF WATER DROPS OVER THE SLICK, BLUE SURFACE, THE PAIN, THE BLOOD...
SHOWING YOU THE TRUTH.


HOW... DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT? HOW DO... YOU KNOW ABOUT EVERYTHING?
VERY S!MPLE.
A PART OF ME !S PROJECTED !NTO THE OTHER WORLD... !NTO YOUR HOME. I'M THERE R!GHT NOW... L!STEN!NG.
THAT'S HOW I KNOW THAT THE OUTBACK !S GETT!NG SMALLER AND SMALLER...
STOP THIS! IT HURTS!
AH. AND I THOUGHT TH!S WAS WHAT YOU WANTED. D!D YOU SEE IT? BEH!ND THE MASK?
"WH!LE THE WORLD OF THE C!TY !S GROW!NG! !T'S ALL UNBALANCED!
"WHEN YOU SPOKE TO YOUR OTHER SELVES YESTERDAY, YOU DAMAGED THE BARRIERS!
"I'D EXPLA!N MORE, BUT YOU HAVE A NASTY HAB!T OF CUTT!NG OFF MY HEAD WHEN I TELL YOU THE TRUTH!"

SO DO YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY YOU'RE SO AFRAID OF WET, BLUE...
URNGLK
SHUT UP.
PANT PANT PANT PANT
PANT PANT PANT

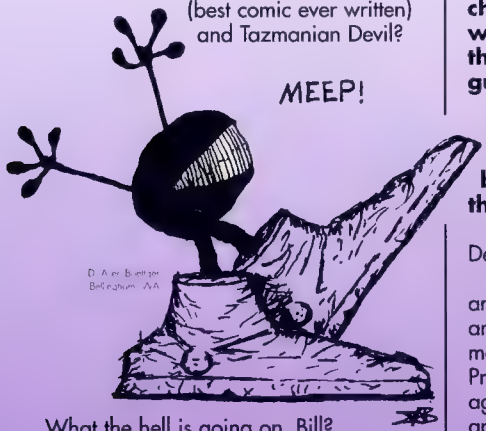
I WONDER IF THIS MEANS I'VE REALLY BEEN HANGING OFF THE STRUT OF A GOODYEAR BLIMP FOR THE LAST 15 MILES?
DO YOU KNOW HOW HARD IT IS TO CATCH AN AIRWHALE GOING IN THIS DIRECTION?
WHUMP!
GREAT. NOW WE'RE STUCK IN A MILLION MILES OF PRIMORDIAL WILDERNESS.
BITCH, BITCH, BITCH.


UH-OH
PLEASE TELL ME IT'S NOT SO.
PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE TELL ME I HAVEN'T BEEN SITTING UP HERE LIKE AN *IDIOT* FOR GOD KNOWS HOW LONG...
MAIL
MISS JULIE...? WHAT ARE YOU *DOING* UP THERE?
C'MON. I'LL GET YOU HOME.
OH, GOD, SARAH...
I'M *FORGETTING* IT ALL!
WHAT THE HELL YOU STARIN' AT, KID?
BUT I'M ALMOST SURE I KILLED SOMEBODY.
SURE YOU DID. IT'S OKAY...
WHEN YOU'RE FEELING BETTER, I WANNA TELL YOU 'BOUT THIS HORSE...
HORSE...? NO, IT'S MORE LIKE THIS--
Shhh...
SARAH...?
DO YOU SEE MY *FAUX OTTOMAN* LYING ON THE SIDEWALK?
YES.
IT'S NOT SUPPOSED TO BE THERE, IS IT?
NO.
GOD, WHAT A DAY...


THAT SARAH'S A NICE KID.
MAN, SOMETHING STINKS.
UH-HUH.
"SO HOW MUCH OF IT DO YOU FIGURE WAS TRUE?"
"AT LEAST ONE OF THE PITTS, THE ISZ. I DUNNO.
"HOW MUCH CAN YOU REMEMBER NOW?"
"ABOUT HAVING A PART OF HIMSELF IN THIS ROOM? DEFINITELY NOT. I CAN FEEL HIM IN HERE...SOMEWHERE."
"SOME. ENOUGH. DO YOU THINK GONE WAS LYING?"
"YEAH... WHERE IS THAT SMELL COMING FROM?"

Dear Sam and Bill,

I think the quality of your work slipped a little in Issue #7. I'm talking about the pages where Maxx and Pitt are three inches tall. Why <u>are</u> they three inches tall? And why is Maxx talking like a cross between Cerebus (best comic ever written) and Tazmanian Devil?



What the hell is going on, Bill? How many sentences can Maxx say that are made up of completely one-syllable words? He keeps referring to himself in the third person: "Now, Maxx runs!" "He pushed Maxx too far!" Don't say he is talking like that because he is in the Outback; he hasn't talked like that before. I know Maxx has more brain power than a Neanderthal. Stop making him sound so idiotic.

Moose
Swarthmore, PA

When I was a kid, I read a Hulk issue called "Hell is a Very Small Hulk." Ever since, I dreamed of going on to work at Marvel, drawing a teeny Hulk story. But the Hulk editor said Peter David had already done a teeny Hulk story that year, and too many teeny Hulk stories would confuse Marvel readers.

A year later, I was working at Image and finally had my chance—which also explains why The Maxx sounds like the old green dumb Hulk, I guess. . .

So, to answer your original question about why Maxx and Pitt are three inches tall, it's because I <u>like</u> drawing them three inches tall.

Dear Sam,

THE MAXX CARDS KICK BUTT!!! But I am so confused!? The three first appearances are really cool, but I need to know more about the Seedbringer, the Mad Prophets, and the Emwitabway. But then again, the Emwitabway actually first appeared in Comico Primer #5. Yet I still need to know more about him.

Anyway, I know you try hard to put out your books on time, and then the printers screw you over and make your books late. Well, good luck on future issues.

Your Maxx-imum fan,
Kelsey McNair

Issue #7 wasn't late because of the printers—it was my fault. #9 will be out mid-June, #10 in August, and #11 in September. This schedule is not monthly, but at least I stand a chance in hell of sticking to it. We Image guys are trying to remember

not to solicit unless we really really really really mean it.

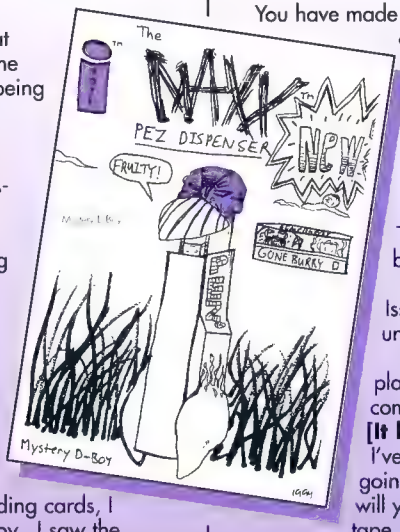
Dear Sam and Bill,

Let me just say that nothing would give me more pleasure than being able to eat little hard sugar tablets from Maxx's esophagus. I want a Maxx Pez dispenser. Or an Iz bendy-toy that turns black when you bring it into the real world.

I finished reading #7, and I was amused for the most part. While reading the letters page, I reflected back to Issue #5 with the beans. When I bought the Maxx trading cards, I was overcome with joy. I saw the Seedbringer card and card #14 (The Legend); the beans from Maxx's mask, which is a Seedbringer mask, are actually a symbol of the seeds the Seedbringer sows.

Believe me, kiddies, go buy The Maxx card set! It helps a lot!

Sincerely,
Alden Keith
(no relation)



Dear Sam,

Maxxcards are soooo cooool. Do you plan on making a second series?

Is there ever going to be a Maxxhead club?

You have made a big mistake on THE cover to Maxx 6. What is missing, you ask, but THE most often-used word in THE English language. You've stripped THE Maxx of his identity! You got rid of the cool THE. You must bring back THE THE.

On the cover of Issue #6, why is Tracy under your name?

When is the role-playing game going to come out?

[It has. See Issue #4.]

I've heard The Maxx is going to be on MTV. If so, will you release it on videotape 'cause I don't have cable?

O.K. I know I'm stupid and stuff. I'm just a 14-year-old kid whose life is wrapped up in comics, music, and wondering why the world has so many problems. So please tell me who Paglia and Frazetta are. I imagine they're feminists, but, to tell the truth, I really don't know what a feminist is. Please answer this!

Here's my hypothesis on The Maxx so far.

He's some dude who found the mask of the Seedbringer. But since he's not a real relative, the Isz that he's supposed to plant are trying to kill him. His spiritual animal is the Great Hare. Hit men (or hit landsharks) are being sent to do The Maxx in. Mr. Gone, who seems bad, is actually OK 'cause he doesn't think he is doing anything wrong. Julie got beat up and raped so now lets off steam in the Outback. Her spiritual animal is the leopard. Except now the cool jungle queen has black hair and is ugly 'cause of violence and hatred in the city plane. She lives in that rock in the Outback (which looks like rhino butt), and in the city it is a cool house with glass bubbles at the top. The Isz which are planted by the Seedbringer get mean when brought to the city. Now they dress up like us. The fears, all named Dave, want to rip Maxx's mask off but expose pods, which means Maxx is linked to the Seedbringer. The Maxx has a few names, called Maxx by Julie, B'r Lappin by Mr. Gone, and J'maknl (love that name) by creatures of the Outback like the airwhales, crabbits, dlcants, Isz, etc. etc. I'm confused.

Sincerely,
Total and Complete
Maxxhead,
Steven Githens
Skandia, MI

Boy, this letter came along just in the nick of time. Just when I think I'm taking myself and this book way too seriously, this letter points out how goofy the whole thing is.

Dear Sam Kieth,
How many issues do you plan on making before you end The Maxx series?
Mike Schlerf
Amherst, NH

Future issues? As long as you folks keep buyin' 'em, I'll keep pumpin' 'em out. Fair enough? By the end of Issue #11, however, you should know:

(1) Why Mr. Gone is evil and why he is fixated on Julie,
(2) Why Julie is fixated on Maxx,
(3) Why Maxx fixates on the mask.

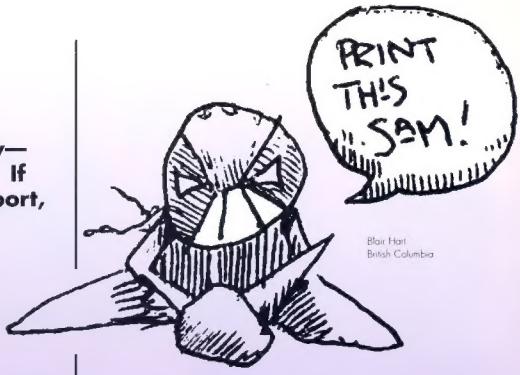
While we still won't know what Maxx looks like under the mask in the real world, we will know what he looks like in the Outback. (And if you're surprised by now, you're an idiot.)

Dear Sam,
Since Darker Image is cancelled, you should put out a one-shot issue with the Darker Image story. Call it Maxx #0. Or put it in a trade paperback along with all The Maxx issues and the first appearance of The Maxx from Comico Primer #5.

That would be cool.
Long live The Maxx.

Ben Saylor
Anchorage, Alaska

How about it? Let me know—shall we reprint Issues 1-6? If we get lots of letters in support, we'll do it.

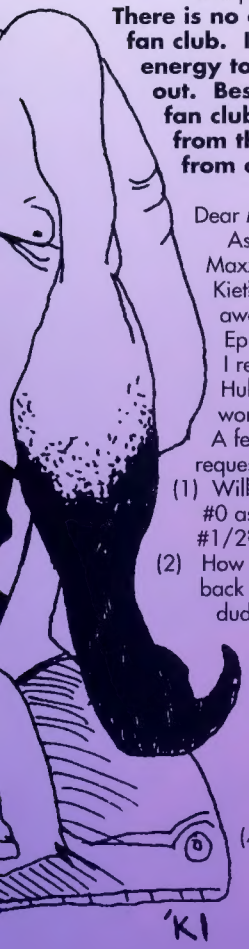


Blair Hart
British Columbia

To Sam,
I would like to join The Maxx fan club. Could you tell me how to do this.

Thank you,
Courtney Sexton
Davenport, Iowa

There is no official Maxx fan club. It takes all our energy to get the book out. Besides, I think a fan club should come from the fans, not from companies.



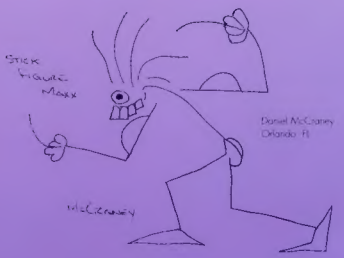
Dear Mr. Kieth,
As well as being a Maxx fan, I am a major Kieth fan. I am eagerly awaiting my order for Epicurus #1 and #2. I recently purchased Hulk #368, and your work is breath-taking! A few questions and requests:

(1) Will there be a Maxx #0 as hinted at in Maxx #1/2?
(2) How about bringing back the Cyclopean dudes from Max the Hare?
(3) Since you've used Isz and crabbits, will we also see De Grand Wa-zoo in the pages of Maxx?
(4) Who hired Mako to attack Maxx? Mr. Gone, right?
(5) Mr. Gone isn't really dead, is he? How did he survive Julie's attack, and where is he hiding out?
(6) "I Before E" has a Kieth Konkordance. How about printing a more recent one including trading cards and other artistic masterpieces by Kieth. I am a Kieth Kompletist and it would help a lot.

Captain Mosh
Valhalla, NY

(1) See above.
(2) OK
(3) No—Grand Wazoo is a different universe.
(4) You are very warm.
(5) Warmer still—hot!
(6) A check list of current stuff will appear next issue.

Meanwhile, Maxximum Sound is still available—order from Animated Alligator (see Issue #4 for address). But here's a checklist of some real artists. If you like my art, check out these guys. These are the big kids:



FRANK FRAZETTA:

A lot of people remember Frank Frazetta from his paperback covers in the '70's. A smaller, fortunate group have dug up a handful of black and white comic stories he did in the '50's. Impressed by the fluid brushwork of Alex Raymond and the fine draftsmanship of Hal Foster, many people felt that Frazetta achieved a Mozart-like balance between heart and mind. I know that sounds corny, but for a lot of people, nobody's come close since to matching Frazetta's ability to go between the sensual and the aggressive.

BERNI WRIGHTSON:

Wrightson has one of the coolest brush lines in comics. If you like those long, smooth, pointy brush strokes that Kelly Jones does, along with amazing blacks and shadows, check out Wrightson.

ARTHUR SUYDAM:

If you like pot-bellied characters with skinny necks and long noses, Suydam's underground work in Heavy Metal is full of 'em. He is very much a student of the Frazetta/Wrightson school of cool brushwork.

VAUGHN BODE:

This is the guy I know least about, but his style keeps popping up in my work. Leaning closer to a cartoony edge than the other guys, his affection for his characters overshadows the sometimes adult material they're portrayed in.

There's a bunch of guys I left out, like Kirby, Crumb, Shelton, Steranko, and Neil Adams. If you're really interested, find out about these artists by bugging your comic shop dealer or some old guy over 30. Don't get upset if your favorite artist isn't in here, either—I'm talking about the ones who influenced me. Everybody stands on somebody's shoulders.

Without these guys, I'd be *gum on your shoe*